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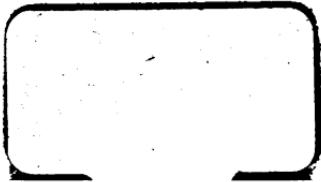


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CHILDHOOD VERSE



WALTER A. RYAN.



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CHILDHOOD VERSE

WALTER A. RYAN

OHIO BOOK PUBLISHING COMPANY

CINCINNATI

1903

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Little Girls

and

Little Boys



CHILDHOOD VERSE.

THERE'S ALWAYS A WAY.

♦ ♦ ♦

THERE'S always a way, my own little man,
Seek till you find it, for find it you can.

Your task may be mighty, and failure seem nigh;
But don't be disheartened—you'll learn by and by,
That success comes to him who enters a fray
To conquer, believing there's always a way.

There's always a way, my own little lad,
By which the crown of vict'ry may ever be had.

By him is it won, who, with true, sturdy might,
Will build upon failures the way that is right;
By him, who, believing at work or at play,
To accomplish his work there's always a way.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

There's always a way, my own little man,
The chasm 'twixt failure and vict'ry to span.

'Tis mostly by diligent, unceasing strife
And toil, that success is won in this life.
Whate'er you commence, let your heart speak and
say,

"This can I do—for there's always a way."

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

SLEEPING-TIME.

* * *

CURLY-HEAD and frowsy-pate,
Don't you know 'tis very late?
Sleepy eyes that wink and blink,
Little brains that scarce can think.
Hear the hall-clock sweetly chime
The hour that brings your sleeping-time.

Frowsy-pate and curly-head,
Your childish lips so rosy red
Are ripe with good-night kisses sweet.
Then brace your tiny, weary feet,
And up the stairs we'll slowly climb,
For Nature says 'tis sleeping-time.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Frowsy-pate and curly-head,
Now you're snugly tucked in 'bed.
Heavy eyes close soft and tight.
Angels guard thee through the night!
Drink of health and rest sublime,
Childhood gifts from sleeping-time.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

DO YOU KNOW HIM?

 LITTLE old man with a pack
Perched snugly and high on his back,
Comes 'round once a year;
And he's loved, so I hear,
By little folk white and black.

And this little old man, I am told,
Goes out in the snow and the cold,
And gives pretty toys
To wee girls and boys
Who are good and not saucy and bold.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

And when everyone is abed,
With six reindeer drawing his sled,
 He visits each house
 As quiet as a mouse,
And leaves goodies and toys, so 'tis said.

And I am told his beard is so white,
And his eyes have a twinkle so bright!
 And he always comes 'round
 'Thout making a sound,
In the wee small hours of the night.

I suppose you are just like me,
And would like very much to see
 This strange old chap
 In red coat and cap,
And boots coming way o'er his knee.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

But this little old man is so queer,
And he vows should he ever hear
 Of a child who peeps
 And pretends it sleeps,
Why, that child gets nothing next year.

Well, it is useless to say more, because
You have heard from your mammas
 'Bout this man with the pack
 Perched high on his back—
He's the jolly, old, good Santa Claus!

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

ULLABY LAND.

* * *

COME, little baby, to mother's fond arms,
She will take you to Lullaby Land.

She will hug you and shrug you,
And swing you so nice
You'll be off to the Lullaby Land in a trice.

There sweet little angels
With bright, snowy wings,
Will bathe your tired limbs
In the rest-giving springs
That flow only in Lullaby Land.

Lay thy head gently on mother's fond breast;
'Tis a gateway to Lullaby Land.
She'll caress you and bless you
And sing to you low,

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Till away to the Lullaby land you will go.
There dwells the good giver
 Of babyhood bliss,
Who gives thee thy joyousness
 All in a kiss,
To bring back from the Lullaby Land.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

THE ROCK-A-WAY CLUB.

♦ ♦ ♦

OME, little Mary and Bessie and Joe,
And you, little frolicksome Bub.

Together we'll go to the garret, and there
We will join in a Rock-A-Way Club.

Joe, get out your drum, and then we will sing
The song called the "Rub-a-dub-dub."
For all must be very good singers, or they
Can't belong to the Rock-A-Way Club.

And Bubby will sit on the new hobby-horse
Hitched tight to the big wooden tub
That we'll use as a coach for Mary and Bess,
Who'll be Queens of the Rock-A-Way Club.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Then Joe will stand stiff with his drum to the front
And give us the rub-a-dub-dub.

At the signal the horse will go galloping off
With the Queens of the Rock-A-Way Club.

Then drummer-boy Joe will be left behind,
A-sounding his rub-a-dub-dub.

And the Queens will laugh when he tries to catch
The coach of the Rock-A-Way Club.

And when the coach is caught he'll jump right in
And cause such a dreadful hubbub,
That Mary and Bess will be glad to get out,
And resign from the Rock-A-Way Club.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

PEEK-A-BOO TOWN.

♦ ♦ ♦

PEEK-A-BOO TOWN is a jolly old place.

Would you like to go there, Baby?

Sometime, if you are a real good child,

Mother will take you, maybe.

And when you get there, all around you will hear

The Peek-A-Boo folk calling softly and clear:

“Peek-A-Boo, Baby; Peek-A-Boo, Baby;

Peek-A-Boo,

Peek-A-Boo,

Dear!”

The Peek-A-Boo folk are jolly and bright.

Through all their lives they are trying,

To bring smiles and laughs to Baby’s eyes;

For they are sad when she is crying.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Why, in Peek-A-Boo land the birds in the trees
When a baby comes there, call as nice as you
please :
“Peek-A-Boo, Baby ; Peek-A-Boo, Baby ;
Peek-A-Boo,
Peek-A-Boo,
Dear !”

So dry up your tears my own little lass,
Up in Peek-A-Boo Town all is sunny.
If you were there now you’d be laughing with glee
For the Peek-A-Boo folk are so funny !
They’ll pop ’round a corner and give you a smile.
Then away they’ll be gone again, calling the while,
“Peek-A-Boo, Baby ; Peek-A-Boo, Baby ;
Peek-A-Boo,
Peek-A-Boo,
Dear !”

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

MOTHER'S CALL.

♦ ♦ ♦

COME, sweet child, from care so free,
I would speak awhile with thee.

Tell me, when you are deep in play
And mother calls, do you obey?
Or, do you pretend you do not hear
That voice so sweet, so fond, so dear?

Ah, little one, close not your ear,
Whilst yet you may, that voice revere.
Soon, too soon, Death will steal
Those loving tones. Then, then you'll feel
Remorse: and searching memory's shadowy hall,
Hug fondly an echo of mother's call.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

TEETER-TOTTER.

♦ ♦ ♦

TEETER-TOTTER, bread and water.

Oh, but this is high!

Now I'm low, and up you go

Almost to the sky.

Teeter-totter, bread and water.

What a merry ride.

Hold on tight with all your might,

Or off the board you'll slide.

Teeter-totter, bread and water.

How the wind does blow!

Fresh and strong it comes along

As upward swift I go.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Teeter-totter, bread and water,
Oh, what a jolly trip!
Take care, take care! Beware! beware!
Or you will surely slip.

Teeter-totter, bread and water,
Oh, why did you jump?
See, the fun is all undone,
And you gave me an awful bump!

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

THE FAIRY-BOAT.

♦ ♦ ♦

WHO would sail in the Fairy-Boat
Far o'er the rock-a-way sea?

The most wonderful ship that was ever afloat,
Is this rollicking ship called the Fairy-Boat,
And it's waiting for you and for me.

It is waiting to take us as swift as a deer
O'er the dancing blue waves of the deep,
To the home of the Fairies—land of good
cheer,
Where the Fairies make dreams each day in
the year,
To bring to your home while you sleep.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

But the Fairy-Boat sails only once each week,
And it leaves just at peep of day
When all is still. And none dare speak:
At the slightest noise the ship will leak
And sink deep in the sea right away.

So come to me, dears, when the night is o'er,
And the dawn creeps out of the East.
The cares of this world we will leave ashore,
And you'll not care to come back any more
When you sit down to the good Fairies' feast.

For the swift Boat will take us straight to the
land
Where the good little, wee Fairies dwell.
They'll joyfully take you each by the hand,
And fill you with goodies until you can't stand;
And the funniest stories they'll tell.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Now run along, dears, each one to your bed.
The Boat does not sail tomorrow.
May sweet dreams be brought to each little
head,
May the joy of the Fairies be over you shed,
That you may be ever strangers to sorrow.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

THE TABLE-LEAF SLIDE.

* * *

TAKE a ride on the table-leaf slide,
From the table 'way down to the floor.
And when you get there, I'm sure you'll declare,
Such fun there was never before.

One moment you abide at the top of the slide,
Then, zip! you are off like a wink!
Less time is spent in this descent
Than one would really think.

Now, don't be afraid, my little maid;
See, I'll take your hand.
Now, away you go, and before you know,
Safe at the bottom you land!

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Ha! Ha! I see you laugh with glee.
You like the table-leaf slide?
Then up, my pet; a kiss I get
To pay for another ride.

And so, my lass, the hour we'll pass
Sharing a mutual pleasure;
Many a ride upon the slide
I'll exchange for your lips' sweet treasure.

Little Girls



CHILDHOOD VERSE.

THE GIGGLE GIRL.

 NCE upon a time there lived
A little maid named Pearl,
And everybody loved her,
She was such a clever girl.
But one day she came home from school
And threw her books aside,
And sat right down and giggled
And giggled till she cried.
Oh, she giggled and she giggled,
Did this foolish little Pearl,
And from that day, everybody
Knew her as the Giggle Girl.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Pearl's mother tried her very best
To check the silly child,
And make her, as she once had been,
Quite sensible and mild.
But 't was no use; the maid had gone
So far she couldn't stop.
Why, she'd stand right up and giggle,
And giggle till she'd drop.
And everyone felt sorry
For this once sweet little Pearl,
For everyone from far and near
Knew of the Giggle Girl.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

So day and week, and month and year,
The giggling went right on,
Till all the health and strength that Pearl
Had ever had was gone.
Still, propped up in bed she'd sit
And giggle from morn till night—
Her frame so thin and wasted,
Her face and hands so white!
Oh, could you have seen how silliness
Had injured little Pearl,
You'd make up your mind right quick,
I'm sure,
To never be a Giggle Girl.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

And now the saddest part of all
Remains for me to tell,
And I trust that every boy and girl
Who reads may mark it well:
The constant, ceaseless giggling
Made her thinner day by day,
Until she was but a shadow—
All her flesh was worn away!
And then, one morn, the mother went
To kiss her darling Pearl;
The bed was empty; and that was the end
Of the unfortunate Giggle Girl.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

GO TO BED.

* * *

LEAR the clock, my little lass
Striking eight. How swiftly pass
The hours of play!
Lay thy precious toys aside;
Till the morrow they'll abide,
To cheer another day.
Stars are twinkling overhead—
Jewels in God's throne, 'tis said.
Say thy prayers, lass—go to bed.

Come, give me thy little hand;
At the window we will stand,
And thou shalt pray—
A precious soul of spotless white

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Winging heavenward through the night
Sweet homage Christ to pay.
Ere drowsy becomes thy little head,
From play let thy tiny feet be led
To say thy prayers and go to bed.

Sweet, fond memories, little lass,
Of those nights before me pass
At this distant day.
Bitter, bitter was that eve
When God's Angel bade thee leave
Thy mortal home of clay.
"Mother," lass, you softly said,
Ere your snow-white spirit fled,
"My prayers are o'er—I'm gone to
bed."

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

CLARA'S DREAM.



LITTLE Clara Popinjay
Had a dream one night.
Couldn't speak the whole next day,
Got such an awful fright.
A great big black Tom-Cat came
To her bed and screeched her name,
And said he'd come to scratch her eyes.
Because, he said, she'd told some lies.
Think I would be frightened, too,
If I dreamed like that. Wouldn't you?

Now, Tom-Cat made a great mistake
Coming to Clara's house,
For she's a kindly little miss
Who wouldn't hurt a mouse.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

And rather than tell a story, why
She would lay right down and die.
My! it was well for her that night
That she had always done the right.

And, oh! I pity the wicked child
Who meets at night this Tom-Cat wild.

At first Clara cried and cried and cried.
She thought he would go away;
But Tom-Cat perched upon the bed
And made as if to stay.
Then Clara, knowing she'd been real good,
Sat up and said as nice as she could:
"You can't hurt good little girls, Tom-Cat,
"Only bad ones. Mamma says that."
Then—what do you think?—while Clara
spoke,
The Cat ran away—and up she woke!

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

THE THREE GRACES.

* * *

“**T**HREE fair maids are we, are we—
Faith and Hope and Charity.”

Says Faith :

“Sweet child, come to these arms;
'Tis here you'll find the gift that charms
The rocky, stormy road of life,
And bears thee up 'neath worldly strife.”

“Three fair maids are we, are we—
Faith and Hope and Charity.”

Says Hope :

“I'm the one eternal spark
To light thy path whèn all is dark.
If sin has stained, I say to thee,
Repent! Atone! thou shalt be free!”

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

“Three fair maids are we, are we—

Faith and Hope and Charity.”

Charity says:

“If me you court,

You’re sure to have a good report

When life is o’er. Of the graces three

The best of all is Charity.”

“Three fond maids are we, are we—

Faith and Hope and Charity.”

Say all:

“Sweet child, if thou wouldst reap

Eternal joy, we pray thee keep

Forever as thine in unity,

Faith and Hope and Charity.”

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

LITTLE BLIND ALICE.



A SWEET and tender child I know—
A dear, dear little girl,
Around whose brow, as white as snow,
The darkest tresses curl.
Whose angel-face so mild and fair,
Reflects her pure, sweet mind;
Whose sightless orbs in dullness stare
To tell that she is blind!

A patient, patient little lass,
Sitting ever near the pane.
Sunbeams by thy sweet face pass,
Their brightness all in vain!
But, oh! in thy precious soul, so white,
So tender, good and kind,
There shines the brighter, purer light
God gives unto the blind.

Little Boys



CHILDHOOD VERSE.

TOMMY'S VOCATION.

* * *

WHEN I get through this horrid school,
And have learned all there is to learn,
And have to go out, as my Pa says,
My daily bread to earn;
You bet I won't be runnin' round
Until my feet are sore
A-lookin' for a business—
I'll just start a candy-store!

I wish that I was done for good
With books, and lessons, too.
You bet that I would know right quick
Just where and what to do.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

I'd take the pennies from my bank,
From Pa I'd get some more.
Gee! I'll bet I'd break my neck,
A-startin' that candy-store!

Rows of jars I'd have plumb full
Of wintergreen and fudge;
And cases chucked so full of sweets
No one could make 'em budge.
Pa says that after the openin' day
I'd be good and sick and sore
Huh! *he* don't know what I could stand
If I owned a candy-store.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

LITTLE LAME MARK.

* * *

LITTLE lame Mark is a bright little lad,
With a face as browned as leather.
At the busiest, noisiest corner in town,
You will find him in all sorts of weather.

“Post?” he’ll cry
To passers-by;
“Mister, want a paper?
“All about terrible accident.
“Want a Post, sir? only a cent.
“Paper, mister, paper?”

Pinched and thin is his little brown face,
With eyes that sparkle so brightly.
Though one little leg scarce touches the ground,
Yet he moves through the crowds very sprightly.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

“Post?” he’ll shout
To those about.
“Mister, want a paper?
“Full account the robbery.
“Get a paper—latest extry!
“Paper, mister, paper?”

Quick go the papers from Mark’s ready hands,
For all love the little vender,
And wonder why Fate has been so cruel
To a mite so crippled and tender.

And he might tell
Between his yell
Of “Paper, mister, paper?”
How his pennies help to feed
Little mouths at home. So heed
And, mister, buy a paper.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

NEAR CHRISTMAS TIME.



 AIN'T no girly-girly boy;
Not me! I'm rough-and-tumble.
But there are times to be right smart,
And times to be meek and humble.
Says Ma to Pa: "What ails the boy?"
"He's been so good he's quite a joy."
Bet Pa's thinking same as I'm
That it pays to be good 'round Christmas-
time.

No more notes come home from school
For Ma to hand to father,
Saying that I'm a dreadful boy,
And to teach me is *such* a bother.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Today I brought the spelling prize.
My! but Ma did open her eyes!
But Pa ain't fooled, I'll bet a dime—
He knows it's near to Christmas-time.

Lots of things I'd like to do
If I only dared to.
Like to've skated on the pond.
Told the boys I didn't care to.
Ma says the ice ain't very strong,
And to disobey her 's very wrong.
Well—no use to sit and sulk and whine,
'Cause *that* don't pay round Christmas-time.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

THE SWIMMIN' TIME.

* * *

THERE'S lots of poetry been written
'Bout the grandness an' splend'ness of
Spring—

How the earth wakes up frum her slumber,

An' all that there sort of thing.

But t' me an' the other fellers

In our crowd, there's nothin' so fine,
As the good, ole, long days of Summer
That bring 'round the swimmin' time.

Jes' as soon as the school-days is over,

When the sun is adoin' his best,

An' the weather is sultry er scorchin

Then us fellers we think we er blest:

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Cos them is the hours when the water
Of the ole crick is in its prime,
An' them is the days us fellers love—
The days of the swimmin' time.

All day you will find us together
At the spot where the stream's pretty deep,
Where the willows bend over the water
So's the sun gets no more than a peep.
An' there, in the depths of the ole crick
We find happiness too sweet for rhyme:
Cos one must "get in" if he wants t' know
The rare pleasures of swimmin' time.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

MY GREAT BIG BROTHER.

* * *

 LOVE mother and father and Bessie, too,
 And little sister Mary;
 And I even love our baby Lou—
 That is, when he ain't contrary.
 But there is one that lives with us
 I can't love, somehow or other,
 'Cause he is such an awful tease—
 And that's my great big brother.

My, but he can make it warm
 For a little feller.
 Seems he likes to squeeze my arm,
 He just loves to hear me beller.
 Grabs and catches and hugs me tight
 Until I almost smother.
 Wisht there was no such a thing
 As a great big brother.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Coming home from school today
I got into a racket.
Three chaps teased me all the way
A'jerkin' at my jacket.
Got near home and turned 'round quick,
Hit one and kicked another.
Then they commenced to settle *me*—
When along comes my great big brother.

Of course, those fellers didn't wait
To see what we would do;
Just quickly grabbed up book and slate
And down the street they flew.
So, now, like Mary and Baby Lou;
Like Bessie and father and mother,
I love him, too; for at times it's nice
To have a great big brother.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

A PUP'S TALE.



JIMMIE NOLAN'S got a pup—
Wisht I had one, too.
Catches rats and sech as that,
And kills 'em dead. That's true.
Say, but there is heaps of fun
Watchin' that Nolan pup a-run;
Bounces 'long like a rubber ball
'Thout hardly usin' his legs at all.
Wisht he was mine!

Jimmy puts on mighty airs
All about that pup;
Said that nothin' hereabouts
Could do the an'mal up

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Course, I couldn't stand for that,
Said pup couldn't lick a cat.

Jim said, give pup half a chance
And see him make my tom-cat dance.
Some day I'll try him.

A feller fetched a bull-dog round
To where Jim lives one day.

Bull was tied onto a chain
So's he couldn't get away.
Bull, he spied the Nolan pup,
Started in to chew him up.
Pup he danced around a post,
Bull and feller follerin' clost.
My, it was fine!

Feller held on pretty tight,
Bull went 'round and 'round
Follerin' pup, till all the chain
About the post was wound.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Then pup he got down to work,
Watched the big dog pull and jerk—
 Bit bull's leg! 'T was lots of fun!
Then Jim grabbed pup, and home he run.
 Wisht he was mine.

Next day Jim was awful proud.
 Thought I'd knock him flat;
Challenged pup to have a tilt
 With our big tom-cat.
Jim and pup came 'round all right,
But we didn't have a fight.
 Cat he climbed a fence so quick
 No chance to see which one could lick.
 Jim thought 'twas fine.

Now, I've nothing more to say,
 'Cept that I am lookin'
Mighty hard to find a dog;
 Then I'll start Jim's goose-a-cookin'.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Say, I'd give 'most anything
That I've got, if I could bring
A poodle that had grit enough
To knock that Nolan pup to snuff,
And let Jim try 'im.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

THE MERRY MEN OF MOONVILLE.

* * *

COME, little lad, to my aeroplane,
And swiftly we'll sail through the skies.
Straight we will go to the wonderful moon—
To the region where Moonville lies.

Oh, Moonville's the home of all that is bright,
'Tis the fountain of childhood song;
The place whence childish laughs and shouts
Are sent the whole day long.

And the Merry Men of Moonville, lad,
Are the smallest and cutest of men,
All but their heads—and they're ever so big,
And they've feet like the point of a pen.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Oh, they're funny to see, those Merry Men,
If you saw them you'd roar out with glee.
Would that make them angry? Certainly not.
To make you laugh is their business, you see.

Their workshop's a cave in the side of a hill,
Lit up with the stars' brightest light.
There with pointed legs crossed and faces
serene,
They cheerfully toil through each night.

And what do they make, these Merry Men,
In their shop in the Moonville Hill?
Why, grins and smiles for faces small
And the joys that in little hearts thrill.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

And the Merry Men all stop their work
At the first gray peep of day.
Then forth they drop from moon to earth,
To give all their wares away.

Then swift o'er the world go the Merry Men,
Making little lives cheerful and bright.
Here giving a song—there casting a smile,
Or a childish laugh joyous and light.

And you can be like the Merry Men, lad.
And make others' lives happy and gay.
Give freely of smiles and pleasant words, lad,
Be not selfish when you're at play.

CHILDHOOD VERSE.

Aim to bring joy to others, my lad,
Let charity be ever your guide;
And, like the Merry Men of Moonville, lad,
With you peace will forever abide.

